

The Patron Saint Of Liars And Fakes

Fall Out Boy

I'm holding out and I'm holding on
To every letter and every song
I pulled myself out of the day we ever had to meet
You through with me, so
And when it all goes to hell
Will you be able to tell me sorry with a straight face
And when it all goes to hell
Will you be able to tell me sorry with a straight face, let's go
I'm all ears and I'm all scars
To hear you tell me, boy's like you try too hard
To look not quite as desperate but I'm hanging on
I still know the way to make your makeup run, so
And when it all goes to hell
Will you be able to tell me sorry with a straight face
And when it all goes to hell
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And when it all goes to hell
And when it all goes

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